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Mountain Echoes

13th

Anniversary Issue

A Labyrinth Of Irregularities

**The struggle for a deadline date
Has proved to be an empathy
Beyond control and left to fate -
Repairs welded with sympathy.**

**With due respect to usefulness
One calls to mind antiquity,
For patched-up parts ageless as time
Will not hold to propinquity.**

**Apologies go hand in hand
With promises of deeds to come;
The ones we make we'll try and keep
with fingers crossed - pax vobiscum.**

**To each of you, for your patience and such,
We would like to say "Sanctuary much".**

What should one do when the press breaks down? We did —
One month later, we were back in business. Progress struggles on. Three weeks and four runs from completion, the initial break gave up the ghost and refused to hold together Indecision was finally overcome and, after the usual passage of time, old faithful regurgitates once again.

Being so late, we will have to skip an issue and hope that each of you will bear with us. It has been rather disconcerting — for us too.

Thanking you for your patience shown, we shall make suitable adjustments on all subscriptions for the issue shortage. From our house to yours — may we wish you a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

MOUNTAIN

ECHOES

The MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary, with the kind permission of the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, A.J. MacLeod. It is designed to promote a better understanding between inmate and public.

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The Mountain Echoes Address

“One score, less seven years ago, our Inmates brought forth, within these walls, a new publication, conceived without liberty and dedicated to the proclamation that all our Inmates be numbered, equally.

Now we have undergone a passing of time, testing whether that Inmate, or any Inmate so conceived and so shackled, can long endure.

We all suffered in Court-rooms, once upon a time.

We have endeavored to forget scenes from that room, in reverence to those who gave their all that this publication might live.

It is strictly kosher and copacetic that we should do this.

For, through many years, they could not dictate — they could not desecrate — they must not taint with smutty sound.

The intrepid ones, both young and old, who laboured here, heaped glory on our mag., beyond any attempt of ours through noble effort.

Few shall recall or call to mind these words, but will, with ease, always remember previous issues.

Therefore, with quill in hand, we venture forth endeavoring to fill the hard-fought footprints of advances made.

It is our right to fulfill the remainder remaining ahead— to thank all past contributors with augmented efforts and uphold this, for which they gave their all — and, in so doing, proclaim our gratitude for a job well done — that this publication, under God, will strive for freedom of speech — and that the wisdom of Society, by Society and from Society, will utilize our potential worth”.

PENAL SYSTEMS

THAT

LEAVE

MEN WHOLE

(Reprint from "The Mentor")
(Walpole, Massachusetts)

In *Life* magazine, June 8, 1959, New York Criminal Court Jurist, Samuel Leibowitz, who after touring a Russian penal colony, had the following to say:

(Speaking on the prisoners) - "They did not have the beaten, shamed look of the American prisoner. They wore not a prison uniform but civilian

clothes, the plain serviceable pants and shirts and coats that Russia's man in the street wears everywhere. They looked healthy and robust. You have to know intimately the sickly, sullen atmosphere of the average American prison to appreciate what I saw, and what I felt, as I watched these prisoners on this brilliant sunny morning."

In addition to this, Judge Leibowitz reported that Russian prisoners were allowed conjugal visits and they had the opportunity of learning a trade while being paid wages equivalent to wages in civilian life for the same work.

In conversing with General Bochekov (Judge Leibowitz's guide during the penal tour) the Judge quoted him as saying: "Your prison methods in America disregards the prisoner's sexual and emotional life. It is part of your vengeful attitude. You feel it is none of your concern what happens to his marriage, to his wife, to his normal sex drive, to the most powerful instincts he has..... In your country a prisoner's marriage often disintegrates, robbing him of a central motive for reform. At best he is torn by doubts about his wife's virtue during the years they are separated and he may very likely be plunged into despair by learning that she has legally or otherwise forsaken him. And, of course, homosexuality is one of the biggest headaches of the wardens of your institutions".

Under the Russian penal system there is a practical, reasonable limit to just how much confinement any human being can be subjected to. A tops of 15 years is the absolute limit. But this amount of time is reserved for the extraordinary criminal. Here in the United States, 15 consecutive years of confinement is as common as Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Until recent years, Sweden was as much plagued with the overall penal problems as is the United States — until she finally did something constructive.

First off, the Swedish Royal Prison Board (the equivalent of the U. S. Federal Bureau of Prisons) refers to those convicted of crimes as their "clientele". They refuse to dub the offenders with the stigma-breeding term of "convict", "criminal", and all other derogatory titles the general public picks up and takes its feelings from. But, the most amazing thing is that 75 percent of the nation's convicted persons (15,000) are living at home under some sort of supervision.

The reasoning behind this is that it makes for sound economics. What it costs to maintain a Swedish prisoner per year we don't know, but in the United States, a composite figure ranges from \$2,000 to \$3,300 a man yearly,

Not only do the Swedes find their system leaving men whole, healthy, malleable individuals, but the system also permits the person undergoing punishment (or "sanction" as the Swedes call it) to support his own family, while at the same time learning his responsibilities toward society.

However, Sweden was not always so modernistically progressive—by a long shot. Formerly she maintained her bastilles, until such time as

she came to understand that they were but a huge waste of money— a self-destroying paradox.

Once satisfied that this was the case, she set about doing something to change matters. She started to do away with all old forms of bastilles, replacing them with new and modern facilities, restricting her institutions to smaller settlements. Such arrangements not only allowed for individual treatment of its inhabitants but proved much cheaper to maintain and operate. (Maximum security institutions, as all states know, are huge, dragging financial burdens to maintain).

A typical maximum security unit in Sweden (for those of her "clientele" who must be confined), is the Nortalje Penal Institution. Constructed four years ago, it boasts grassed playing fields, cheerful lounges, and as near an "outside" atmosphere as possible.

The inmates are housed in small, red brick dormitories (called pavilions) with 20 members to each pavilion. Inmates are never called by numbers or by anything more than their rightful names— prefixed by "Mister". They are not regarded as any less deserving of respect and courtesy than their keepers.

But, Sweden, though learning the fact of the matter ahead of many other nations, is not the only nation that came to realize the necessity of legitimate, down-to-earth rehabilitative penology. More and more the United States comes to realize that something must be done. Each day of the week, her top penologists shout the warning, urging a drastic changeover. And to date, though certain progress has been made, it remains paltry in comparison to what's actually needed.

In view of the ever-increasing social problem that crime and criminals become, Canada, on a most limited scale, seeks to "experiment" along similar lines of Swedish penology. Haney, an "out-door" type of institution is making a hit with the community — more each day.

Actually, no one must fear that it will not in time be done — it will be. It will be because there is no other choice — unless criminals are to be shot on the spot. Huge maximum security prisons are not only defeating their own purpose but are proving so much of a financial headache to all states, that sound economics will be one of the reasons that will hurry the needed change. Thus, while the alarmists and holdouts will and do impede the urgent destruction of a system more inclined to manufacture criminals than make them over into useful citizens, their time is running out on them. The tide of progress engulfs them, and will soon press in on them, stifling their dire warnings, and removing them from the path of things forward.

No other nation in the world sags beneath the burden of crime and criminals as does the United States. In no other land are criminals stamped out in such assembly-line fashion. Nor is there another country in the world so thoroughly net-worked with an underworld faction as the fifty states.

One of the most profound reasons can be found in the attitude of the

American public, and consequently the American Penal System (but a reflection of this attitude).

Until recent decades, America's philosophy toward criminal offenders was: Beat 'em! Break 'em! Humiliate 'em! Strip 'em! Destroy 'em!

And beat, break, humiliate and strip 'em they did! The thing is, however, they failed to destroy 'em. And since they failed, then the system, as such, failed. In fact, it more than failed — it backfired. It multiplied 'em. It resulted in one outcome. It took 'em into the penitentiaries and, in applying its methods it but schooled 'em in the art of crime, violence, hate and resentment. Even the inhuman sentences (50 to 90 years is not an uncommon sentence for a United States judge to pronounce) burying them proved as useless as the overall system.

Stripped of all things held precious in the life of a being (including God-given rights), this method was to teach 'em how to live in normal society.

After one hundred and fifty years of this, or so, during which time penitentiaries sprung up like mushrooms — someone started admitting things: it tweren't workin'. And, since it wasn't — since it was, in fact, only adding to the growing problem of society, it was decided that maybe the ball-and-chain approach was not the most satisfactory one after all. Perhaps a lighter touch would accomplish what the club, fist and dungeons failed in.

And thus was born what is best described as a faltering sort of Modern Penology. Newer Penal institutions (the latest thing in "tighter" security) were erected, the ball-and-chain removed, stripes done away with and progressive phrases inserted in the penal manuals: "THE PURPOSE OF CONFINEMENT IS MORE THAN ONE OF RETRIBUTION; REHABILITATION OF THE PRISONER IS THE OBJECT OF GREATER IMPORTANCE — "...etc.

And so, in decades following, less heads were broken, more food heaped on the tin plate, and leg-irons were padded. It was, some authorities stated, a real field-day — with felons being pampered (and also "coddled").

And, what do you suppose happened? Nothing! The nation's penal count remained the world's highest; the country's recidivism rate (men returning to prison for two or more terms) showed little appreciable change. In general, it hurt. It did for those at least, who had grown accustomed to splitting heads, cuffing men to the bars (until some of their victims died from the "corrective measures") and subjecting them to days and weeks, or even months on bread and water. Let's go back to the old ways, they cried. It was more fun that way — even if it wasn't working.

Fortunately though, the holdouts were not adhered to, and bit by bit, (except for a few scattered nests of resistance), the American Penal System began to mellow. And it continued to mellow, right to the late 30's when the last vestiges of resistance showed so much out of step with the rest of the nation, that it was no longer possible to adhere to a known worthless,

brutal, destructive system. Even the South had relinquished the bull whip (legitimately, at least).

States went on constructing maximum security prisons. They gave them a modernistic design, twisting the bars into a more attractive symmetrical pattern. But the bars were there for the same purpose. They put in steam-table feeding, hot and cold water in the cells, a canteen wherein one could purchase books that were published later than the turn of the 20th century. They did improve the facility and modernize the architecture.

But they did not dig into the heart of the matter. The entity that walked through the gate, to be "improved upon" was still regarded as an animated bit of machinery. His human emotions, drives, personality, problems, aspirations, ambitions, and all the things that go to make up the man, were ignored. He was fitted into the same mold — whether or not he fit.

His home, marriage, job, friends, children, trade; one and all would be ignored. He would be pressed into the standard ranks, and everything from his breathing to eating would be extended as a "privilege". All useful, gainful employment would be removed from his touch, and his family would join the welfare agency ranks. He would not be permitted to support them.

Over the years, the man's friends would drop off leaving him pretty much alone. And before long his marriage would collapse, and he would become a stranger to his children.

In time, the product meant for "re-conditioning" would certainly be re-conditioned. He would have been stripped all rights, privileges, and possessions, so he might be taught respect for the property of other persons. His mail would be censored, his visits (while they lasted) supervised, and his every decision made for him. This, then, would be the product that would be ushered back into the community - some day - and expected to head up and make the grade.

Furloughs, conjugal visits, (for married men) paid employment, certain rights and privileges; these things remain as far off limits here in the United States as the city dump.

To date there is one (possibly two) states that respect the product's marriage, and that have taken measures to insure its healthy continuation. And there are one or two southern states that allow a furlough system. No state (so far as we know) permits gainful employment. Those coming closest to such a reality is the Federal System. In Federal Prison Industry, some inmates are permitted to earn as high as \$75 per month.

Contrast the American attitude, and penal system, to many "backward" South American nations, where prisoners are left whole. Where men's marriages are considered, furloughs granted, substantial wage-earning made available toward the support of the prisoner's family and loved ones.

We here of the Echoes' staff believe that a change is, of course, inevitable. It will be interesting to watch for developments and progress in our own immediate area.

TRADES GRADUATION

by **FRANK L. MORTON**

It was a Friday evening, September 20, at the Officer's Mess in Stony Mountain Penitentiary. The event was a graduation ceremony for inmates who had successfully completed their courses in Automotive Repairs and Bricklaying.

In attendance were two distinguished visitors from Winnipeg. One was Mr. G. Anderson, Business Agent and Secretary of Local One of the Bricklayers and Masons International Union. The second was Mr. B. F. McLeod, the Supervisor of Automotive Apprentices for the Department of Labor in the Legislative Building.



A hearty round of applause followed the presentation of certificates to each man. Graduates for the Bricklayers were: W. Harper, E. R. Hebb, G. Hucal, D. Lavallee, P. Livingstone, J. Meeches, P. G. Papequash, R. Spence, L. Sumner, R. Bone, R. Delorenzi, & F. Dumas.

Graduates in Automotive Repair were: R. Perry, M. G. Hales, A. J. Shingoose, E. E. Handsaeme, N. Neskapow, R. Lavallee, J. Kytayko, G. Bennett, G. McKay, and J. Trout.

The above list includes a number of men who have either obtained their release or have transferred to the farm camp. They will have their certificates forwarded to them.

The top student in Automotive Repairs was J. Kytayko. He was awarded a volume on automotive mechanics by Mr. La Riviere, his instructor. Top student from the Bricklayers was F. Dumas, now at the Farm

Camp. He will receive his award from Warden Harris.

Mr. Anderson, a hardy looking, amiable member of the old school, described Bricklaying as one of the oldest, most interesting, creative professions, dating back to the Egyptian pyramids. This was a beginning for men who would continue on the outside. It is a very rewarding career. He emphasized that his office would give all possible assistance to each and every sincere inmate who approached them after release.

Mr. McLeod spoke of the opportunity that existed in the Mechanic's trade. Both his department and the staff at the Manitoba Technical Institute would be eager to help today's graduates complete their training. Like the Bricklaying course, this one would also grant them time off the five year apprenticeship required for journeyman papers.

Additional commentaries were given by Mr. J. Wickey, Deputy Warden; Mr. H. Black, Deputy Warden Custody; Mr. J.D. Weir, Assistant Deputy Warden; Mr. A. Shirliffe, Supervisor of Education; Mr. Shepard and Mr. Thompson of the Central Training Department.

The graduation closed with informal talks between graduates and officials while refreshments were being served.

INTERVIEW AT CENTRAL TRAINING

The presentation of certificates created new interest in vocational training. The graduation was followed by an interview with Mr. Thompson, Assistant Central Training Instructor.

Two full time Vocational Training Courses operate continuously at the Manitoba Penitentiary. Automotive Repair is a ten month course, while Bricklaying is six months.

After completing a course, every effort is made to allow the trainee to continue at his trade. Graduates are urged to carry on their studies, both in vocational and academic subjects. This time can be credited to their apprenticeship.

Academic requirements for the man entering a trade are high. In order to achieve them it is necessary for prospective trainees to take pre-vocational training. Anyone wishing to take Vocational Training is required to attend classes and reach the entrance standards.

Selection is on a competitive basis, all trainees being obliged to pass the necessary tests and maintain a good record in the institution.

The importance of these courses cannot be over-emphasized. By taking one, a man can leave the institution, and be well prepared to enter apprenticeship in a worthwhile trade.

An instructor can only "help a man to learn". The rest is up to him.

Anyone wanting more information on a Vocational Training Course should contact the Classification Officer or the Industrial Supervisor's Department.

Cornagraphic

Edia

An artist, who was employed to renovate and retouch the great oil paintings in an old church in Belgium, rendered a bill of \$67.30. The Church wardens, however, required an itemized bill, and the following was presented and paid:

For correcting the Ten Commandments	\$5.12
For renewing Heaven and adjusting the stars	\$7.14
For touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls . . .	\$3.06
For brightening up the flames of hell, and putting a new tail on the devil, and doing odd jobs for the damned	\$7.17
For putting a new stone in David's sling, and enlarging the head of Goliath	\$6.13
For mending shirt of Prodigal Son and cleaning his ear.	\$3.39
For embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet	\$3.02
Putting new comb and feathers on St. Peter's rooster . .	\$5.20
Re-pluming and re-gilding left wing of the Guardian Angel.	\$5.18
For washing the servant of High Priest and putting car- mine on cheeks	\$5.02
For taking spots off the son of Tobias	\$10.30
For putting earrings in Sarah's ear	\$5.26
For decorating Noah's Ark and new head on Shem . . .	\$4.31
Total	\$67.30

Via: The Citizen

SCARBOROUGH, England—Robin Gray, 20 year old bricklayer, pleaded guilty to burglary. He told the magistrate's court he needed money to have his thumb removed from his abdomen.

Gray said, and the prosecution agreed it was true, that 12 years ago his thumb was severed in an elevator accident.

A surgeon grafted an index finger to the stump of the thumb. Then, thinking the severed thumb might be needed some day, he grafted it to the boy's abdomen to keep it alive.

But, Robin told the court, the thumb on his tummy hurts, especially when he bends over.

He arranged for an operation to have it removed but found that he couldn't pay for it. So he broke into a store and stole six cameras and a quantity of cigarettes.

The verdict: Two years on probation.

—WINNIPEG TRIBUNE



THE ENIGMA



Man's trouble is that he wants to know the outcome of his decisions before he makes them, and this can never come about Story starts on page 19.

SHOPS IN PROFILE

TAILOR SHOP

by Sam Klein

Sheets for the beds at Stony Mountain, coveralls for a guard at the farm camp in Prince Albert, smocks worn in the blacksmith shop at New Westminster — these are some of the articles made in the Tailor Shop at Stony Mountain Penitentiary. The operations are supervised by Mr. H. De Jong, chief instructor at the Tailor Shop.

Mr. De Jong's background in the clothing industry is an extensive one. He started at the age of sixteen, as an apprentice in Holland. Four years of apprenticeship produced journeyman papers, and he spent the next two years with a custom tailor.

Prior to World War II, and during the early war years, Holland was the garment center for Europe. At this time Mr. De Jong spent four and a half years at ready made clothing. He followed this with two years as manager of a raincoat factory. The last ten years in Europe were devoted to independent custom tailoring.

To an immigrant, Canada was a strange country with a new challenge, but clothing is universal. De Jong found employment in the alterations section of an Ontario department store. Three and a half years later he heard of the opening for an instructor at Stony Mountain Penitentiary. There was no other applicant with such an excellent background and similar qualifications. Mr. De Jong has been in charge since 1958.

The years following his arrival saw changes that were gradually adopted. The objective was to simplify methods, and organize production into steps that are routine for a manufacturing shop. De Jong would like to have each man obtain a thorough knowledge of every machine. That way, one worker can substitute for another in case of emergency. After six months an average man could learn enough to turn out a complete garment by himself.

White pants worn in the kitchen at New Westminster, aprons in the carpenter shop at Prince Albert — these are more of the articles made in the Tailor Shop at Stony Mountain Penitentiary. An inmate staff of thirty one men work with thirty-seven machines to turn out the finished products. There are twenty-one plain lock stitch sewing machines and four double seam sewing machines. Two bar tackers are used to reinforce corners, pockets, rivets, etc. There are two sergers for finishing edges of material. Of the three button hole machines, one is used for lighter fabrics such as shirts and pyjamas, while the other two are restricted to heavier gar-

ments such as pants and coats. There is one button attacher and one eye-letter. Two cloth cutters are used to outline patterns on the fabric. One steam press and three steam irons put the finishing touch to all garments.

In addition to machinery, there is an endless variety of accessories such as shears for thirty-one men, rulers, tapes, industrial staplers and so on.

The value of the machinery reaches a staggering total of \$30,000. This includes the charge of servicing, which is added to the original cost. In the five years since Mr. De Jong's arrival, about forty per cent of the original units have been replaced. Government procedure for ordering new equipment is a lengthy routine. First, the cost is estimated and submitted to Ottawa for consideration. Parliament must vote on the budget before an approval is given. Then an allotment is received for the purchase. Tenders are put out for competitive bidding and a final choice is made. Nothing can be traded in. Machinery is used and serviced until it has to be written off.

Bath towels for Stony Mountain, jackets for an inmate at Prince Albert, surgical gowns for the doctor at New Westminster — these are additional products made in the Tailor Shop at Stony Mountain Penitentiary. Each year, between \$30,000 and \$40,000 worth of material are used to manufacture these garments. The value of the finished products can be left to the imagination.

Fabrics come in bolts, and are all new material, direct from the manufacturer. Before it reaches the Tailor Shop everything is pre-shrunk by a separate company.

From this material the Tailor Shop makes inmate clothing, inmate work clothing, and Officer's work clothing for all three western institutions and their satellites. The only exceptions are shirts made in the east, as well as T-Shirts and underwear, which are purchased ready made. Each institu-



tion. makes its own linen sheets, pillow cases and mattress covers.

Another important job is alterations for Officer's uniforms and discharge suits. The suits are shipped in ready made from New Westminster Penitentiary in British Columbia. At Stony Mountain, minor alterations are made to cuffs, sleeves, etc. The standard of a finished product is limited by the quality of a suit when it first comes in. The instructor places particular emphasis on good finishing for a discharge suit because it is an inmate's last impression of the penal system.

Flannelet pyjamas for an inmate at Prince Albert, pillow cases for Stony Mountain, white pants worn by a guard at the kitchen in New Westminster — these are more of the garments made in the Tailor Shop at Stony Mountain Penitentiary. An inmate assigned to this shop is selected by a work board. Mr. De Jong takes no part in choosing his crew. A new man starts on the lockstitch sewing machine, and within a week he is producing. The instructor would like to have a man learn the operation of every machine and become reasonably good.

Tailor Shop is not an accurate description of the work being performed here. It is actually a manufacturing shop, dealing with generalized garment manufacture. As a vocational shop, there are no text-books or written tests. It is all practical, on the job training. Having acquired this knowledge, there are definite prospects for employment in a garment factory.

The cloth cutter and the mechanic are permanently assigned. When patterns are cut, a quantity of material is involved. There is no margin for error, so the cutter must know his job well. The mechanic keeps all machines in operation. He has to know the functions and intricacies of each one.

Coveralls for an inmate at the garage in Stony Mountain, steel grey work pants for an officer at Prince Albert, wool coats for the men at New Westminster — these are some of the garments that pass through the bar tacker. Larry T. works at this machine.

Larry is twenty-one years old. He is serving two years and this is his first time in a penitentiary. At the Reception Centre he asked for kitchen or clerical work and was assigned to the Tailor Shop. The extent of his training has been the operation of two units. He started on the lock stitch sewing machine before moving to the bar tacker. He likes his job, but has no desire to continue on the street. Larry thinks an advancement would be to work on civilian clothing in order to learn different aspects of tailoring.

Larry T. has since had a job change. After eight months in the Tailor Shop he has been re-assigned to the Catholic Chapel.

Of thirty-seven machines in the shop, twenty-one are plain sewing machines. Frank D. has seniority on this unit.

Frank is twenty-one. This is his first penitentiary offense, and he is serving two years. At Reception, Frank asked for auto mechanics, but the Tailor Shop was a second choice.

Frank D. doesn't like working in the Tailor Shop, and has no intention of continuing the garment trade after release. On the outside, he plans
(Con't on Page 18)

NATIVE BROTHERHOOD

ANNIVERSARY BANQUET

To the strains of folk-lore ballads, the after-breakfast get-together took on a goodly bit of outside color as many dignitaries interspersed with administration personnel and 42 members of the Native Brotherhood. The occasion was the 4th Anniversary Banquet. Something fairly new, yet accomplished with a flair of competent thoroughness by one and all.

N. Flett, chairman of the Brotherhood, spoke a few words of welcome and asked Reverend Wiznuk to give the Invocation. The meeting progressed rapidly with the many interesting talks.

Introduced first was Mr. Lloyd Lenton of the Winnipeg Friendship Social Center. He told of the groundwork begun in 1958 and the coming into being of the Brotherhood in 1959. Among the many Center officials is a council of 18 Indian members officiating in an advisory capacity. Upon a member's release from here, he may ask for and receive guidance from the Center. Personal problems, employment, companionship, accommodations, recreational activities, keeping out of trouble, and innumerable personal contact programs are met and dealt with.

Father Bedford stressed the need of materialistic values before attaining spiritual values and how one is essential in leveling off the other. Educational fields along with religious life advantages are offered freely at any time.

Asst. Deputy Warden, Mr. Weir, acknowledged the trend of thought portrayed and called to attention the Brotherhood Group as a whole participates in all fields adequately, at work or in sports.

Mr. K. Howard of the John Howard Society emphasized the discerning fact behind the organization: — they work ONLY with people who are in trouble with the law. An extended hand is offered to everyone professing dire need of help. In 1962, 80% of the releases used the facilities of their Society. Self-cooperation was declared emphatically as a vital need and to utilize full use of resources available.

Mr. Percy Bird spoke of the self-help theme in the group. This is a new group not dictating what to do but catering to the individual's wants. The group is a member of the N.I.C., the National Indian Council. He told the story of the small Indian boy playing and upsetting a can of white paint over most of his body. Smearing the remaining parts of face and hands with paint, he approached his Mother and exclaimed, "Mama, I'm a white man". Mama slapped him. A few minutes later, his Father came from work and he approached him; "Papa, I'm a white man". Smack! Right on the kisser again. Little boy sez, "Gee, I was a white man for 10 minutes and now I-I hate the Indians".

Mr. Ray Perry, a former inmate here and now one of the Staff Members at the Friendship Center, exemplified the product of man making good

outside. He told of participating in every group activity offered here and how each one benefited him in a new life.

Mr. Clark, Ass't. Classification Officer, spoke of the oft thought of fence mythically existing between the Inmates and the Administration that he straddles. He stressed the desire of man to man discussions when holding an interview. His capacity is classification, comprising the channeling of individuals to wherever they are best equipped and suited. He placed the responsibility of rehabilitation upon the shoulders of every officer — no one individual or group of individuals. Seeking advice on personal problems, you will always find his office door open and help within.

Mr. Rempel, of the National Parole Board, proverbially speaking, appears a firm believer in the axiom "It Is Human To Err". He recognizes a man making mistakes and suggests not to throw in the towel. Work individually and as a group, and assume your rightful responsibility to Society. (Learn now and benefit later).

A friend in need is a friend indeed. Earl Duncan seemed that kind of man — he'd been through the mill. Experience is the best teacher and his teachers had been many. He holds a position behind a desk and makes the streets his office. As the Court Worker of the Center, he has found drinking problems to be the nucleus of most offenders. Reasons for drinking are enclosed in a trio of reasons:- Sex, Money-Security, Self-prestige. He gave a contrast-explanation of a neurotic boozier:- they're always squawking. Like a sea-gull, if it isn't eating it's squawking. Incidentally, 2 years ago the 25th of September, he had his last drink.

A buffet lunch followed in an atmosphere of Hootenanny Tempo — Peltier; Hood, and Bennet unveiled their talents vocally and instrumentally.

Mr. Kaiser of the National Employment Service was the first speaker following lunch. The Service, in full cooperation with the John Howard, Salvation Army, and other Societies, endeavors to sell an applicant to a job, nationally. One important phase to remember is doing good work benefits oneself and others being released later on.

To uphold the tradition of a woman having the last word, Miss B. Brigden was introduced. What a host of friends she must have! She told of the exciting world out there:- where one can stop being a number and become a man — to make something of yourself and be appreciated by family and friends — be proud of being an Indian and produce things to prove it — be an Indian Canadian, a worthy citizen. Incidentally, anyone for a game of checkers? She let it slip, she plays a pretty good game at the Center.

Flett, with a few closing remarks of gratitude, wrote finis to a commendable job with the reminder to always be constructive. Peltier stepped up to the rostrum, removed his cap, and gave humble thanks to all for their participation. His parting thought:- you can't tell what's in a book until you open it — the title isn't always impressive. He then made presentation of a Secretary-Wallet to Reverend Wiznuk in appreciation of his past help in the Native Brotherhood Group.

(Con't from page 15)

to work as a painter and is impatiently waiting for a transfer to the Paint Shop.

During the baseball season Frank was active as an umpire. In the winter he will resume weight lifting and boxing. On Mondays and Thursdays he is in the school room improving his education.

Since this interview, Frank D. also had a work change. In answer to his request, he has been transferred to the Paint Shop.

Making alterations to discharge clothing and officer's uniforms is a specialized field. A majority of this work is done by Jack A.

Jack is forty-five years old. He has previous experience at other institutions, and he is presently serving three years, four months. Jack specifically requested this job. It was taken, so he came to the shop and waited for the opening. He has operated all the machines in the Tailor Shop.

In the trade, his function of tailoring is known as "bushelling". It is evident that Jack likes this work; he wants to continue after his release. Mr. DeJong has taught him numerous details of alteration procedure, and Jack feels that he has learned a great deal.

When queried for improvements, two points were brought out. One was diversified projects to learn more about tailoring. The second was a more thorough inspection of incoming discharge clothing.

During the baseball season he was an umpire. He directed the Bridge Tournament, and is considered an authority on the game.

If garment manufacture relied on manual labor, there is no telling how much time and how many men would be required. Mechanization is the key to production at the Tailor Shop. Bill I. is responsible for the maintenance and servicing of all machines.

Bill I. is twenty-nine years old. He has been an inmate here before, and is presently serving seven years. With a background in automotive mechanics, he asked for a garage job, but was assigned to the Tailor Shop.

For six months he operated a sewing machine, then switched to shop mechanic, with no previous experience. Some information came from manuals, but the majority was picked up through the old school of trial and error. Many changes have been made. At Bill's request, the instructor requisitioned tools and equipment that had never been in the shop before. He thinks that another improvement would be re-arrangement of machinery for smoother function.

Bill definitely likes his work and is planning on future employment in the field. After three and a half years he finds it more suitable and more satisfying than repairing cars.

In leisure time, Bill participates in all sports. He was a fielder for the winning baseball team and plays soccer and football. He was on the A.A. steering committee and still participates as a member.

The United World Building stands where the U.N. Building once stood. This massive structure of platinite and plastic shines through the dark night with the glow of fluorescent panels spaced irregularly about the face of the building.

Inside, the statue of a Renaissance sculpture called "The Bronze Boy" stands, with arms outstretched and head lifted. A lone figure stands contemplating the posture. He is dressed in a dark flowing mantle of shining material, with a cowl drawn over his head. A vivid green crest of the world and a large, gold "1" is embossed on his mantle.

People pass him without a second glance, going about their business as though it was their last act on earth—as well it might be. Before the august body of representatives, a decision is put forth as to whether this world should live or die.

The President's proposal states that in the early ages people had sufficient room to grow and expand. Now the population had reached its limit since there was no room left. Colonization of other planets was impractical due to the Van Allan radiation belt.

The cowed figure awakens from his contemplation, turns, and walks toward the stairway to the main assembly hall. He walks up the stairs and enters the hall. Inside the door he stops, and with an all encompassing look takes in the entire five hundred representatives. As he walks down the aisle and sits at an empty pew, various members of the assembly stare at him.

The President summons an attendant. After a whispered conversation he walks to the cowed stranger.

"These desks are for members of the Assembly only, sir. You will have to go to the visitor's lounge."

"I am here because I am!" he answers

The attendant returns to the President. After another whispered conversation, he walks away and the President rises. "Will the gentleman who is occupying the chair for the district of Lapland please state his reason for attending this session of the World Assembly?"

"I am here this evening to hear, and try to understand that which will come to pass; although I know what will be and what has been."

There is a buzz of hurried whispers, such as "What does he mean?" and "Who is he?" The President raps for order and starts his presentation, thinking that it would do no harm to let the man sit and listen.

"Members of the Assembly, there is before us a motion for restricted births. We may well be denounced for whatever decision we reach. After the Second World War there was a sharp rise in population. In the so-called

'Cold War Years' there was a leveling off, which continued after the world became united. When we discovered that man could not leave this world the space program was terminated, and scientists concentrated on the development of production. This was increased until we did not have to toil for our daily bread. With an excess of time on our hands, the birth rate doubled itself. It is imperative that we curb this birth rate since we have no more room. There is now a ratio of two square feet per person, and this is slowly dwindling to nothing.

We must decide if it will be in the interest of humanity to restrict the propagation of mankind, not because we are running out of food for our millions, but inasmuch as we lack space for them."

The President sits, and asks for commentary from the representatives. One by one they rise to voice their opinion, but while talking, they are conscious of the cowed man at the missing Laplander's desk.

The President is about to call for a vote, when the cowed man stands and walks to the podium. There is a hushed pause as the President stops him, and judging from facial expressions, receives a stunning reply.

The cowed man looms before the World Assembly and slowly speaks "All the history of our race, I know. I can tell you of the whole, and its integral parts; how they had raised to the ultimate heights of civilization and how they fell.

This would not avail you anything, for it is by experience that we learn, and by listening that we understand the past.

You are now at the crossroads of your history. It is for you to pick which road you will. Which road you pick will be right at this moment in time, but you must ask yourselves if it will attain the ultimate goal you wish to reach.

I could guide you, but would you follow? As individuals, you reach your own conclusions, and would feel that I am trying to influence you and direct your destiny.

With my knowledge, I could do this, for I know which path you are about to take. I leave you now with this one thought: Your destiny lies in the dreams of the individual."

He pauses for a moment, and then reveals a small box under his mantle. After turning a dial, he bows to the Assembly, and then both he and the box vanish.

The Assembly sits in a stunned silence, until the President finally calls for order and they begin the formality of voting.

HOBBY CORNER

by *SARGEANT*

Peculiar as it may sound for someone to say "I don't have enough time to do what I want to", it holds true. Cell-time drags for some and for others there isn't enough. One man curls up with a Western, and his radio playing a mile-a-minute. His neighbor uses every available minute endeavoring to utilize good out of otherwise idle time. Perhaps the man is doing school work, or possibly some extension course; maybe writing of some phase such as poetry, music lyrics, or adding to accumulated pages on the GREAT novel. Again, there are those who enjoy settling back and passing the hours with a well-written hard-back novel — they are available to suit most likes and dislikes. Every man has his own way of utilizing or destroying time.

Many men, in order to build up going-out funds, apply their talents to various hobbycraft such as Petit Point, Leather-work Tooling, Painting, Knitting, Jewelry-Designing, Wood Carving and Burning, Inlaid Work, and ingenious types of other Hobbies of an original or novel quality.

Among these various hobbies is one known as 'Glass Painting'. The tools of the trade include straight pens, nibs, and paint brushes. Brushes are any type of hair. The materials include glass, brown tape, laquers, paint, India Ink, and aluminum foil. Simple! Acquire these products and you're in business. Nothing to it, you say. Okay, let's delve into the subject and see what Glass Painting consists of.

First, a piece of glass is cut to desired size and then cleaned with Ajax. Then, using India Ink and an ordinary straight pen, sketch the desired design on the glass. After allowing the ink to dry, one may paint the background— using ordinary house paint of the quick-drying type. Then, having allowed the paint sufficient drying time, the pro-

cess of lacquering in the design is accomplished. Using a transparent colored lacquer, you have a choice of many colors. Incidentally, some colored lacquers can be made by mixing oil tints with clear lacquers. Be careful in applying the lacquer as it has a tendency of eating away any paint it comes in contact with.

When the lacquer has dried, crinkle a piece of aluminum foil and place so as to cover the entire design. Fasten a suitable cover over the foil with brown tape, by applying tape to the back of the glass. The glass painting is now ready for framing.

Should any lettering be required, the process is done in reverse. An example:- if the design is of **TREE—FROGS** the lettering would be sketched **SGORF—EERT**. Simple? Simple. By turning the glass over, the lettering is reversed and proper for reading. Along with this revers-



ing procedure, one must remember that any design that would be facing right or left would be vice-versa when turned, and placed in a frame.

The men incarcerated here do these hobby projects to help adjust themselves financially for their release. All items sold are credited to the Inmate's trust fund and held for his release.

Anyone wishing to view our Hobby Room may do so on Monday through Friday between the hours of 9:00 to 11:00 a.m. and 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. For further information, phone or write: The Warden, ATT.: Mr. R.E. Howard, Hobby Officer, Box 101, Stony Mountain, Manitoba.

The Inmate Speaks

Contemplating several queries that might be used in a question and answer series, something concerning nearly everyone within these walls was decided upon — namely, the Parole Board and its program of operation.

There the idea snarled — space allotted would be insufficient to cope with the many varied replies received. After asking a few inmates their opinions, the willing response made the decision to carry on as far as space would allow. The question asked: "Do You Approve Of The Present Parole Program, Or What Changes Would You Suggest Where We Might Benefit"?

A.M. replied:

"I do not disapprove of the present program, but I do not believe the present Parole system of application is fair to the applicant. The National Parole Board is in Ottawa. It is not a traveling Board that visits all pens, so the inmate has no chance to speak his reasons for Parole consideration. Applying, one must use an application form which consists of one page allotted to list one's reasons. The reverse side of the form is used for work sponsors and etcetera. This one sheet seems rather ridiculous. I can not possibly conceive how any man can give a fair account or start to give the Board any idea as to his way of thinking and the change of his outlook he has of the future. If the Board should allow you to write as many pages as it would take to state reasons why you should be considered, this in turn would give the Board some idea or a good idea as to your way of thinking and reasoning. They could evaluate what you state in your application".

Upon asking G.G., he replied:

"From an inmate's point of view, I would say that the present setup of the Parole Board and its system does not serve either its own purpose nor the needs of the released man to give the best results when benefits gained are weighed with what might have been done had different organization and approach been used.

1. There should not be a Board as there is now, but there should be a Board at each institution replacing the present individual representative.

(i) The Parole Board could in this way realize its goal of more men on Parole than serving time as is the present case.

(ii) This Board would then be able to view its potential material at source and also cover the surrounding country in an endeavor to interest the citizens in hiring and aiding these men who are at present a heavy burden on the tax-payer.

(iii) With this system there would be less chance of a man getting a Parole if he were an asocial type.

2. I would propose a Board to consist of 5 men, and in Ontario, where women are concerned, a Board for them should also be set up. This Board should include one ex-member of the institution. The Board should be free

of members who use various social encumbrances as barriers to the Parolee. (i.e., clergymen are the greatest offenders in this field; policemen are also poor material both from educational levels met and from a profession which tends to lead to prejudice against the Parolee). The best men for these jobs are defence lawyers who have studied sociology and psychology in their profession; followed by sociologists, and doctors, and in some cases teachers who on testing would show an aptitude for this type of work".

M. C. replied:

"It is my belief that the supply of paper granted to a person to write his parole is by far insufficient. How can one describe his case in detail, as well as write his reasons for applying for a parole on one sheet of paper? Yet, if I were to ask for further paper, I am denied my request. Why?

I also believe it would serve a better cause if each province were represented by their own parole board or member of same.

In addition, it is my contention that once a convict has served a fair portion of his time, (to be judged by the parole board), his parole should be granted; for it is common knowledge that it is much cheaper to have a man on parole than to keep him in prison. If his parole is denied, then it only tends to make him bitter against society. The latter could be avoided by the simple expedient of granting the parole when the time meets with the approval of the parole board and treating each and every convict the same.

Finally, I believe if the above were followed, the man being released would appreciate the faith and confidence the board were putting in him and he would do everything in his power to make good, in order to not only protect his own interest but also to serve as an example to others thereby helping the next man applying."

G. J. S. responded with:

"My opinion of the present arguments on the rights and wrongs of parole are few. But I do believe that if Ottawa can run so very smoothly, then we in the institution can do just as well. Because, it is in here, whether it is realized or not, that the main ground work is set down. And I profess it is a must to impress that smooth running machine that we do have the ability to accomplish.

In order to attain this nature of self-accomplishment, one must have outside help and it is my sincere contention that group-type meetings are of a definite benefit. Some men know they have disagreeable dispositions and need someone to help them curb their attitudes. Even though they are men that should know how to get along, there is still something lacking. With proper guidance, these men could be likeable instead of being unpopular. I believe group therapy would be the answer to many problems that otherwise would remain locked inside a man's soul. Obtaining the benefits from such as this would be beneficial to anyone applying for a parole. One would be in possession of a truthful meaning and offer a personal challenge to any sort of obstruction".

ODZ 'N ENZ

THARUNKA Victoria, Australia

A prisoner feels that he is an ordinary person and naturally does not wish to be regarded as some sort of curiosity. In feeling this way, he is more than within his rights — he would be a fool to feel otherwise.

THE CASTLE COURIER New Hampshire

An interesting list of grants in the National Science Foundation's annual report were recently published in a Washington paper. These grants are from your tax money:

"The changing Culture of the Kipsigis Tribe of Kenya, \$3,500; Prehispan Settlement Patterns of Teotiguan, \$16,500; Aboriginal Cultural Horizons in Minnesota, \$4,500; Psycholinguistic Analysis of Consonant Clusters, \$7,200; Hybridization and Evolutionary Divergence in Tree-frogs, \$5,500.

ENCHANTED NEWS New Mexico

Here the dairy crew consists of one man, who gives us an adequate supply of milk, with the help of eight cows.

Each morning, a crew leaves for the college. In exchange for their labors, the farm receives the produce the college raises on their experimental land. This year I hear the college experimented with 15 species of grass. We are all dumb as a jackass or we wouldn't be here, but we can't eat grass. Maybe the cooks in Santa Fe know how to fix a delicious meal of this sort.

SHADOWS Oregon

Total Man-days Served During First Quarter 149,812. Were these seconds, the figure would be much greater.

WINNIPEG FREE PRESS Gene Telpner's column

Hye Bossin, editor of Canadian Film Weekly, claims Irish stew is unknown in Ireland, Swiss steak is not available in Switzerland, Welsh Rarebit is not a Welsh dish, and Chinese in China never heard of Chop Suey. And do you know what they call German Measles in Germany? British measles.

THE SPECTATOR Michigan

Pope Leo XII (1823 to 1829) was once visiting the jail at Civitavecchia in 1825, and personally interrogating each of the inmates as to the reason for their being there. Every one of the inmates, of course, protested his innocence and avowed — in whatever equivalent terms were used in those days — that he had been “framed” and “railroaded” to prison. All except one fellow who, falling to his knees before the Pontiff, humbly admitted: “Holy Father, I was a forger and assassin and a thief, and I am here to expiate my crimes”.

Turning to the Governor of the prison, who had accompanied him, Pope Leo said sternly: “Release this rascal from here at once. I do not wish that his presence should corrupt all these noble gentlemen here”.

CLOCK Idaho

Race intolerance is damn ridiculous..... Remember that, before white men took over, the Indians were running the country. There were no taxes, no suicide-packed highways, no threat of the world going up in flames, and the woman did all the work..... So!

THE MENTOR Massachusetts

In Vancouver, police arrested a short, dumpy little woman emerging from a large department store and charged her with shoplifting.

Among the array of “boosted” articles, all taken from the same department store, at the same time, and concealed on her person, and filling a wheelbarrow, were the following: —

3 skirts, 1 make-up kit, 1 woman's spring coat, a five lb. box of chocolates, 1 miniature radio, 3 hit albums, 1 hair brush, 4 combs, 2 pocketbooks 12 pair of nylons, 4 lip sticks, 1 rouge compact, 2 boxes of powder, 6 bars of perfumed soap, 2 bottles of perfume, 6 fancy bath towels, 1 bed spread, 3 face cloths, 1 bathrobe, 2 dozen hand-kerchiefs, 2 slips, 3 hats, 2 pairs of shoes, 1 scarf, 4 blouses, 2 sweaters, 4 women's belts, 2 girdles, 6 pairs of assorted undies, 1 umbrella, 1 man's electric razor, 3 aprons, 6 cards of bobby pins, 11 dinner rings, 4 decks of playing cards, 1 cook book, 2 best selling novels, 4 table cloths, AND one electric fan.

The woman pleaded “Not Guilty” claiming that someone “planted” the articles upon her person.

AWARDS

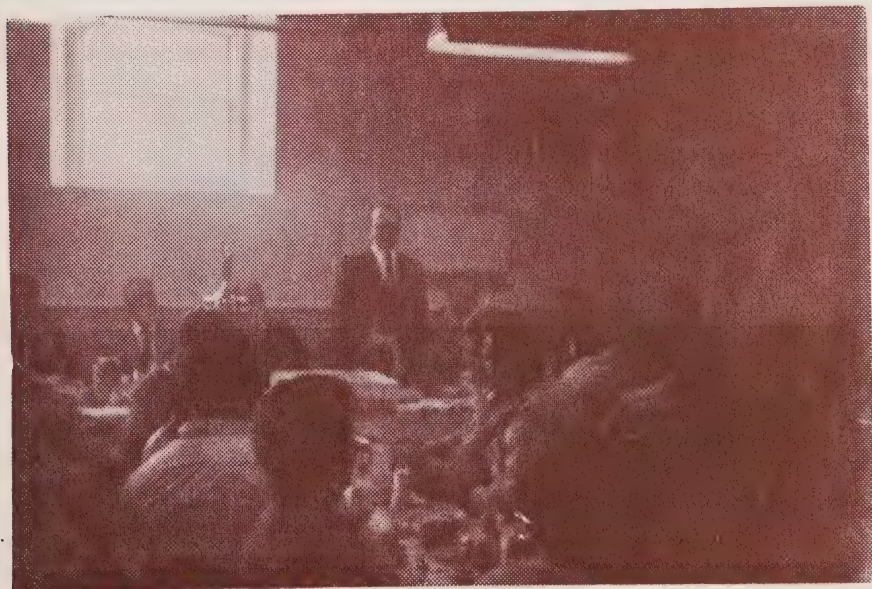
BANQUET

On September 14 the annual banquet signalling the close of the summer sports season was held in the Officer's Mess. Forty-one members of the institution sat down to enjoy a banquet which lacked only champagne. It was capably organized and served by the inmate staff.

Visiting guests were: Mr. M. Israel, Manitoba Bar Association; Mr J. Raccio, manager of Merchant's Hotel Fast Ball Team, Manitoba Champions; and Mr. E. Bailey, Manitoba Fast Ball Commissioner.

Staff guests were: Mr. W. Hancock, Sports Director, who acted as chairman; Mr. S. Scrutton, Assistant Warden; Messrs. J.D. Weir, H. Black Assistant Deputy Wardens; Mr. R.W. Thompson, Service and Supplies; Mr. B.A. Brown, Assistant Sports Director.

While the men enjoyed their second cup of coffee, Mr. Hancock directed the presentation of trophies, awards and commendations. First, Mr. Scrutton commented on the excellent work done by Inmate Welfare now retiring from office. They were commended for providing and promoting both progressive and competitive sports of the highest level during their reign in office. From the nods of approval, it would appear that the wishes of both the inmates and the staff is for a continuation of this same good spirit and sports advancement.



Following these words of encouragement, Mr. Hancock named the top sportsmen of the fast ball teams. Highest average for the A League was captured by Bill Moad with an average of .444 and for B League by J. Strycharz with .508. They received a hearty handshake and congratulations from Mr. Raccio. Mr. Hancock said that next year these two coveted honors may be represented by a cup as well.

Due to the absense of John McGee, coach of the A League Red Sox, G. Shaw accepted the Manly Israel Trophy. Mr. Israel presented the trophy, and congratulated Shaw for being a member of the winning team. The B League Trophy was awarded by Mr. E. Baily to B. Gilhooly, coach of the Bisons.

At this point, a slightly different approach in the introduction led up to the presentation of the next trophy. Mr. Hancock stated that he would give Mr. Weir the pleasure of explaining the meaning of the next award. There has always been a trophy for the top sportsman of the year. This year the committee and the staff members concerned decided to modify it. Not only would this trophy be a token of top sports achievement, but also an incentive for men in the future to attain honors in the field of education and advancement towards a new and better life. That the incentive might be enhanced, Mr. Israel added a purse of \$25. He will include it every year with the presentation.

As everyone heard the many requirements extolled by Mr. Weir, a rising tension could be felt among the assembly. When he concluded, all eyes turned to Mr. Hancock awaiting the name of the man who had attained this position. A spontaneous round of applause arose when Tinny Lahoski's name was announced. It was apparent that those who had the final say made a proper decision. Mr. Israel presented the award to Tinny who was completely taken by surprise. It was your own doings Tinny, and the very best of luck in the future.

Since the Deputy of Custody usually has the last word, Mr. Black brought the banquet to a close. Believe me, Mr. Black's words are second to none, including Confucius.

He spoke of the penitentiary over the last twenty-five years, of the great men who had passed through these portals - the Packard class, River Heights (million dollar) dwellers, excelling at hockey in winter and baseball in summer. His farewell words were quite personal since he sees us nearly every day. "Had the men of twenty-five years ago had the opportunity to rid themselves of illiteracy and improve their status of education as to-day, recidivism would just be a word to look up in the dictionary. Were we dependent on men of that day for the meaning, so few would have returned."

ON THE BALL

by Sam Klein

While many labor saving devices have been developed in recent years, none is any improvement over taking it easy. When our printing press made its shop debut, in 1953, it was a converted hand press which had already survived more than fifty birthdaze. It wasn't too surprising to see it break down last month. Three weeks of inactivity elapsed before repairs were completed. Now the extreme opposite has taken place. Our staff has been reduced from five to four and finally to three. The Mountain Echoes has become a very exclusive fraternity. It's so exclusive that even the members can't get in. At any rate this partially accounts for our tardiness. Although the paper went through a period of idleness the sports scene remained active.

Labor Day on September 2 saw a precedent being set, thanks to the efforts of our outgoing Inmate Welfare Committee. For the first time in the history of the penitentiary a sports day was organized for this holiday.

When rain threatened, in the morning, a movie was substituted for outside activities. The weatherman came through, so the schedule was resumed in the afternoon.

The program consisted of the following events: wheelbarrow race, one legged race, sack race, old man's race (50 and over), horse and rider tug, three legged race, running backward race, and horse and rider race. Cigarettes were awarded to the first place winners and a package of Tip Top Cigars to second place winners.

Upon entering the yard, each man received tickets entitling him to two hot dogs and two cokes. Tickets were honored throughout the afternoon.

Amusement of sports was followed by jazz variations and folk songs.



The photograph shows the Ducharme group consisting of Kenny Ducharme, Don Mc., P. Ouimet, Don Iwaniw, and guest Tenor-man R. Duncan. The afternoon was rounded out by Blacky Pelettier and his group with some resounding western ballads.

BASEBALL

An action packed five month long baseball season came to an eventful close with the playoffs. In semi-finals, the Red Sox were victors over the Yankees two games out of three. They went on to defeat the Twins in the finals, four games to one, emerging as A League Champions.

B League semi-finals saw the Tigers bowing to the Royals in a sudden death game. In the finals, Bisons won out, two games to one.

The baseball banquet was a dramatic affair, and it is reported on page 27 by the score-keeper, Gordon Gunn.



Photo at left:

A LEAGUE CHAMPS
RED SOX

Bottom:

B LEAGUE BISONS



SPORTS AFIELD

FOOTBALL

They tell me about the hundred and fifty pound football hopeful who ventured onto the field at the beginning of the season. No sooner had he touched the ball when a burly linebacker grabbed one leg and a husky tackle seized the other. When the linebacker muttered "Go ahead, make a wish" our hopeful decided to forget about the gridiron.

Nevertheless, over eighty men participated as players and officials in an action packed football season. Under the capable supervision of Henry Wercimaga, Commissioner of Football, four teams were organized. Team captains were D. Derocher, B. Gilhooly, W. Vandall, and C. Roulette.

The end of the schedule saw Derocher and Gilhooly in a tie for first place with five wins and one loss. The honors went to Gilhooly's team for the highest total points average.

In a two game total point semi-final, Derocher's team came out victorious over the Roulette team with a total point score of 39 to 25.

For the finals, Gilhooly's team won two straight games and emerged as football champions for 1963.

SOCCER

Under the guidance of Neil Young, Commissioner of Soccer, a three team league was formed with G. Shaw, P. Gorak, and G. Peters as captains.

The end of a twelve game schedule saw Peters and Shaw flipping for first place. Shaw won the toss, and got the bye into the finals.

At semi-final time, the Gorak team had a record of five losses and three ties. A crucial time saw them emerge as a 'Cinderella' team on the comeback trail. They triumphed against Peters in the semi-finals and went on to upset Shaw's team 5 to 2 for the soccer championship.

MISCELLANEOUS

Sports wouldn't be complete without our weightlifters and body builders. These grunt and groaners are building into a powerful group, not only muscle wise, but also in numbers. With the advent of cold weather they have transferred their activities indoors to the gymnasium. There, one will find volleyball, basketball, floor hockey and ping pong going full blast.

Outdoors, both the hockey rink and curling rink are nearing completion for additional winter sports. Full coverage will be forthcoming in the next issue.

The Editor's Page

Have you ever had the opportunity of watching children playing with toys? Depending on their ages, some of the antics achieved were hilarious, to say the least. I recall one occasion, vividly, of a tousle-headed tyke attempting to maneuver a square peg into a round hole. Wish I had waited to see if the tyke accomplished the task.

Everything concerned with my day is scattered around me in a vicious circle — a conglomeration of stumbling blocks to a “furriner”. Of the States, I know — but, Canada is my Waterloo! To me, that’s an impediment that could be likened to the child’s puzzle— a square in a circle.

My circle covers a comparatively small area which, in turn, is circled again on a larger scale by a replica of walls I’ve had the opportunity of observing throughout the years elsewhere.

Methinks, this circle is no different. Rules and regulations are maintained. Privileges are doled out at spaced intervals so as to maintain discipline and respect. The argumentative types are easier to come by than friends. The perfect ones abound as usual. The helping hands extend alongside the Shysters. Needs are met in usual prison routine custom. Restrictions are compiled in columns of good and bad. As long as steam exists, food will be wasted. Difference of opinion and shortage of weed go hand in hand (some have and vice-versa). Gold-bricking appears to hold its own in any environment. Entertainment is diversified to where likes and dislikes are blessed on a par. Conversations ring familiar bells with going out dates tossed in occasionally along with the usual banter of “How long”? “Yeah?” “Ten years?” “A deuce?” “Huh?” “Nope, too soon.” You keep clean wherever soap and water can reach. Controlling the growth of hair on face and head, although actually not considered to be a privilege, is maintained as one. Yup, you read one “Tarzan of the Grapes” story and you’ve read ‘em all; or one of them-there ZANY shoot-’em-ups by GREY. All in all, it’s great to be alive and take part in every Mosquito blood-bank drive. Well, I gotta go — my pill’s working.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

With the approach of the Christmas Season, the Officers of Manitoba Penitentiary, join with me, in extending to all Inmates of the Institution, good wishes for a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

I am sure the spirit of goodwill will mark the celebration of Christmas in the Institution. We are not unmindful of the inmates who will be spending Christmas separated from their families, and we hope under these times of adversity, that you are now undergoing, as individuals, may be persuaded to be guided by the example set by Him whose birth we celebrate at this time.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

F. S. HARRIS
WARDEN



"To H--- with the Financial Post! I want the
Mountain Echoes."

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